

A Yankee Trick to Fatten Chickens.

washed and was bare as a barn. Across the end of the little space was partitioned off. This was the factory kitchen, in which milk, meal and flour of various grades were compounded into a rich gruel, barely liquid enough to flow easily through a nozzle.

Down each side of the big room ran a row of wheeled cylinders, pivoted at top and bottom, and turning easily. All the outer surface of them was cut into hostile-looking partitions, each barely big enough to hold a good sized hen. To be exact, there were seven hundred compartments in a cylinder. They were open at the back and had smooth iron chutes leading as they turned, at one end, from the ring a leather strap was looped around the leg of the fowl to be fattened. The birds were placed bill out. At first they made great fluttering and cry, and tried to fly over the low front walls of their prisons, but soon subsided into slothful quiet.

A cylinder was charged all at once. The plan was to fill two each day, so as to have four hundred fowl ready to come to hand each morning. Three weeks was the period of fattening, and an ordinary-sized fowl gained from a pound and a half to three pounds while in the cylinder. The feeding—and that is where the patients came in—was a sight to see. The feeder sat in a sling swung from the ceiling and five times each day fed the chicks from a nozzle, with which he "shot" the food into their wide open mouths.

Death of an Ant That Made Itself Famous

he advance in years he was made to understand that the interest of the scientific world was concentrated upon him.

It was to ascertain beyond question the limit of longevity of his kind that Sir John gifted Methuselah upon society. Much doubt existed as to the life of an ant could be extended beyond four or five years, so Sir John hit upon the idea of rearing one of those ingenious insects under his own eye. For this purpose he had a diamond little glass house made in accordance with designs drawn by himself, and constructed that the daily life of his captive pet could be observed constantly. The microscopic mansion was like no ordinary suburban villa, with a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back. In this crystal abode Methuselah, though a prisoner, was at ease, as the reconstruction of a duel corner of Marlborough House, he was kept under observation continuously, most of the days of Sir John and his comfort was considered a matter of great importance. Methuselah was a large black ant of the kind that frequent hollow trees. Had he remained with his own class his time would have been divided between fierce battles with the red ants across the way and sundry foraging expeditions. His life was one long round of pleasure, and when he died he might well have exclaimed, with the famous bon-vivant "There is no more; I have lived."

A Prey That Sucks the Life Out of Oysters